



Bones - journal for contemporary haiku  
no. 14  
November 15th 2017

pelican my son demands goldfish

pussy willow the phial of expired wishes

night train  
a window screams  
out of an owl

one-eyed giants a child calls it

empirical owls  
the doors made  
into sand

## Intimations

### Wattle & Daub

first home  
the old pear tree  
gives a leg up

### Mortar & Pestle

second childhood  
all the pencil marks  
leave their walls

### Cladding

busted moon  
a little boy  
stuck upstairs

### Concrete

next childhood  
the family home  
gains a flaw

### Pine

attic motes  
the wasps caught  
in window nets

## Atticus

attic time  
the boy gains  
a superhero

## Glass

super 8  
the rattle  
of family

## Curtain call

last hurrah  
ghosts under lock  
turn their keys

tongue tussle  
head winds  
miss the bullseye

on his black cassock  
he sweeps off ashes  
from my hand

**missing a third line**  
(a series)

a clay jar of  
bubble heads

tipped picture  
of black holes

raccoon and priest and  
moon referee

born of  
a humble bee

overheard  
suns hissing

snagged  
in a smeuse

caught in  
a torpor

reading  
the lives of (s)a(i)nts

h0rr0r



Van Gogh pretending same sunflower painted

wings  
partitioned against your angel: Dead  
Hummingbird



drunk-  
I throw up  
the Trojan War

mole static on tongue loops

suddenly she becomes  
a white lily  
and soggy mud

white noise the three part drama of a detergent ad

twilight bomb a room of plum-stained pallets

small red flag  
shaped by the wind  
the unknown song  
of an unknown bird



brackish water  
I become tidal  
weeping and forgetful

winter ideal the night more porous

sutra  
alone in the cage  
with an immortal

star dust to scar the integument

white camellias  
the snarl cut, the click bone  
up for ransom

## Bird Letters

winter wren often in these lamps of bone

every good echo written like a river

our fingertips known as tributaries

salt lines the welcome chamber

crows uploading miscellany to the brave new void

bird letters signed with smoke and ash



web strings / damp light

to Satie / Sarabande no. 1  
bugs loll  
in evening's loss

men my age jump ship in a bottle

the branch they have will not break the tree frogs' song

manthicket  
or face the damage  
to your branches

Arthur C. Clarke after six thousand years cicada

those selves abandoned walk the dry shores of Mars

half autumn color. Come take my hand in the ghost land and

the game where we break each others fingers in spring

the little mist I understand is red

ladder  
rungs

says  
Rose

you. after. tunneling. awake

still shooting the breeze life buoys on ice

news of snowdrops  
as his prison cell fills  
with directional light

who'd      hug me      ebb tide



through the cracks  
in the veneer  
raw flesh

delivery  
on a winter night  
your steaming calf

detaching from all this floater in my eye

daydreaming home like no place is there



spring forecast  
i reverse engineer  
my ancestry

burning bridges  
with a flare of words  
in fits of ineffability

spring return  
i try to live up to  
my obituary

## a disintergrative dearth

her myrrh  
embalms for now  
the murmur

humours  
in healthy balance  
hear the word

her need  
(indeed only one)  
she pours over  
the word

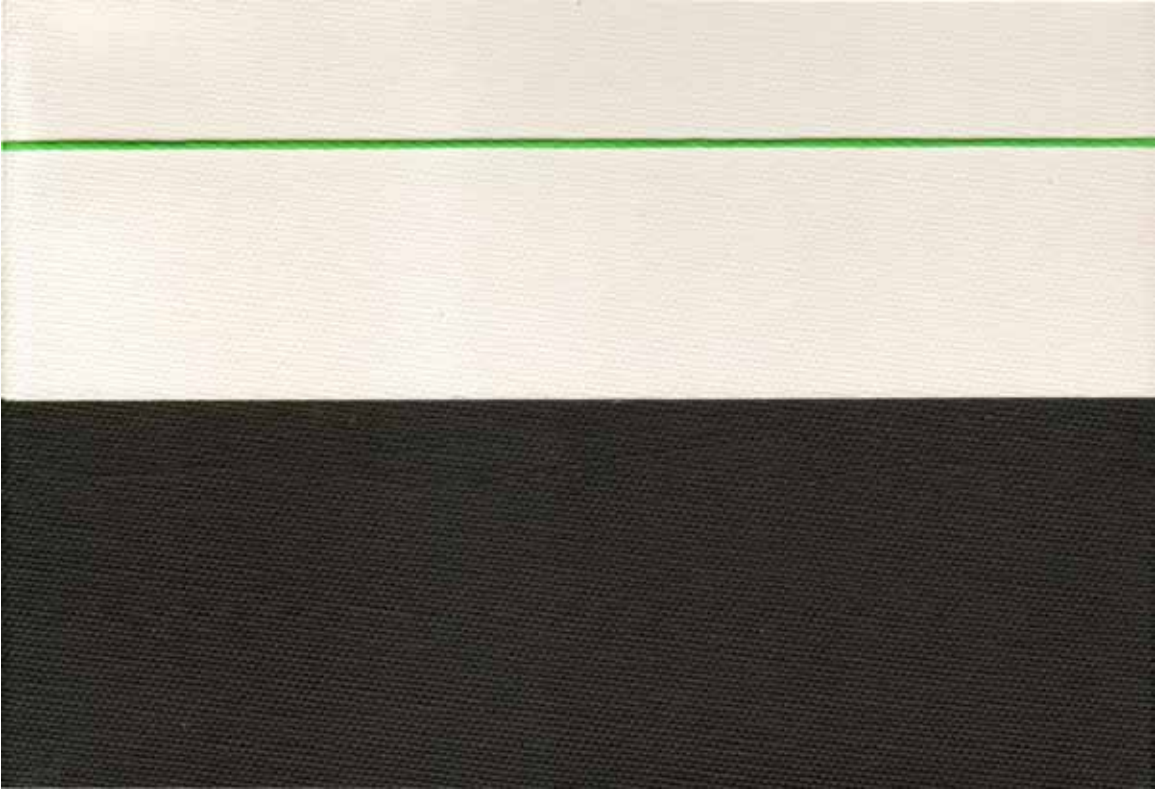
one death ends  
with a word  
anointed  
for its tomb

the word 'poor' always  
and the word to be  
no more  
among us

a word dies  
because it does not die  
on her lips

emptied  
of itself  
the skin of words

sleep in-turning death's portal



just below Orion's Belt missile envy

smart bomb your fortune cookie inside

making love the phone rings  
over where  
everything is other

branches of this tree unpeopling above the sidewalk

we're old  
I tell  
the grass blade

inside the cocoon no behavior yet



the night through woods baying

duck feather edge dipped lake

solar flare hairs of a bee

Crucified, he walks two dogs.

that sound again . . .  
fish scraping the river

jaw to jaw stray dogs of Chernobyl

canned spell  
looking out of the window  
i corkscrew the sun

fall  
grave  
yard  
sale

s  
now  
din  
the  
way  
poetry  
re  
ads  
on  
TV

his secret closet unbecoming a man

its the oddments -  
oblique comments  
loose change

## Sleep between Awake

moon scent her dead vibrator

insomnia drones in midspace radar

alien to alien the mosquitoes talk in mixed wave lengths

star crusts on dew thistles big bang

prolonged night her nipples eclipses





the sound of rushing water in his skull the usual routine

swimming upstream the Jesus fish

gnat wind misplaced comma

paint, lots of paint  
seams to break everything  
from the water

bridge ices before road sign icy before the end of time

spring dawn of the city men have come to amputate trees

bare hands numb under winter stars they're made of

with no whit of wind we

the people I am  
on the inside    don't listen  
to me anymore



inland fog  
death of the movie star  
I pretended to be

a seed packet called "Quietude"

one stop on her one way to think of it

invisibly growing into my ghost know-how



colours of planets you declined to use

## **Mouth Without Lips**

*found in Anne Michaels*

stroked upright  
with invisible hands  
we dream

looking for truth  
discarded theories  
painted caves

so much to burn  
choking on fur  
in our foreign blue flesh

a mouth without lips  
the wind scrubs the air  
the smallest colour

never the same stream your mouth twice

there is a bomb in Gilead

strontium-90-free Korea's Buddhist influence



either/or  
i relapse into  
a coda

Muslim Death...  
I wrap the Afghan moon  
in my headscarf

mudslide who is firmly grounded



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